

~~1623. a. 48~~  
6.58. aa 2

Colyn  
Clout.



What can it anayle  
To dryue forth a snayle  
Or to make a sayle  
Of an herynges tayle

To ryme or to rayle  
To wyte or to indyte  
Eythre for delite  
Or els for to despise  
Or booke to compile  
Of dyuers maner style  
Uyce to reuile

And synne to exyle  
To teache or to preache  
As reason wyll reache  
Saye thys and saye that  
His head is so fat

He wotteth neuer what  
Nor wherof he speaketh  
He cryeth and he creaketh  
He pryeth and he peketh  
He chydes and he chatters  
He prates and he patters  
He clytters and he clatters

He medles and he smatters  
He gloses and he flatters  
Or if he speake plaine  
Than he lacketh brygne  
He is but a foole  
Let him go to scoole  
A thre-foted stoole  
That he may downe syt  
For he lacketh wit  
And if that he hit  
The nayle on the head  
It standeth in no stede  
The Deuyll they say is dead  
The Deuyll is dead.

It may wel so be  
Or els they wold see  
Otherwise and flee  
From worldy vanitie  
And foule couetousnes  
And other wretchednes  
Fickell fallenesse  
Varyablenesse

with vnstablenesse.

And if ye stand in doubt  
Who brought this ryme about  
My name is Colyn Clout  
I purpose to shake out  
All my conning bagge  
Lyke a clarkely bagge  
For though my tyme be ragged  
Tattered and ragged  
Rudely rayne beaten  
Rusty and moothe eaten  
If ye talke well thereof  
It hath in it some pith  
For as farre as I can see  
It is wrong with eche degree  
For the temporality  
Accuseth the spirituality  
The spirituall agayn  
Doth grudge and complain  
Upon the temporall men  
Thus eche of other blother  
The one against the tother

Blasie

Wlas they make me Moder  
For in hoder moder  
The churche is put in faulte  
The prelates ben so haut  
They say, and loke so hye  
As though they wold flye  
Aboue the sterre sky

Lay men say in dede  
How they take no hede  
Thei relye shepe to fede  
But plucke away and pul  
The fleeces of thei wull  
Wherethes they leue a locke  
Of wull amonge thei flocke  
And as for thei pre conning  
A glumming and a mummyng  
And make therof a tape  
They gaspe and they gape  
All to haue promocyon  
There is thei whole deuocyon  
With money, if it wyl hap  
To catch the forked cap

Forsoth

Forsooth they are to lewd  
To say so all be shrewd

What trowe they say more  
Of the byshoppes loze  
How in matters they be raue  
They lumber forth the law  
To berken Jacke and Byl  
Whan they put vp a bil  
And iudge it as they wyl  
For other mens skil  
Expounding out their clauses  
And leaue theyr own causes  
In their pyncipal cure  
They make but lytle sure  
And meddels very light  
In the churches right  
But Are and be nire  
And sol fa, so a lamire  
That the premenire  
Is like to be set a fire  
In their iurisdiccions  
Throughe tempozall afflictions

Men

Men say they haue prescriptions  
Against y<sup>e</sup> spiritual contradictions,  
Accompting them as fictions.

¶ And whiles the heades doe thys  
The remnaunt is a mis  
The remnaunt is a mys  
Of the clergy all  
Both great and smal  
I wot neuer how they warke  
But thus the people carke  
And surely thus they say  
Byshoppes if they may  
Smal houses wold kepe  
But slumbe forth and slepe  
And assay to crepe  
Within the noble walles  
Of the kinges halles  
To fat theyr bodyes ful  
Their soules lame and dul  
And haue full litle care  
How eul theit shepe fare

¶ The temporality say plain

How

How bisshoppes disdain  
Sermons for to make  
Of such labour to take  
And for to say trouth  
A great part is full slouth  
But the greatest part  
Is for they haue but small art  
And right slender cunning  
Within their heades winning  
But this reason they take  
How they are able to make  
With their gold and treasure  
Clerkes out of measure  
And yet that is a pleasure  
How be it some there bee  
Almost two or three  
Of that dignity  
Full worshipfull Clerkes  
As appeareth by their werkes  
Like Aaron and Ure  
The wolfe from the doze  
To wary and to kepe  
From their gostly shepe

And

And their spiritual lammes  
Sequestred from rammes  
And from the berded Gotes  
With their hery cotes  
Set nought by gold ne grotes  
Their names if I durst tel.

But they are lothe to mel  
And loths to hang the bel  
About the cattes necke  
For dzed to haue a checke  
They are faine to play, deus deck  
How be it they are good men  
Much harted lyke an hen  
Their lessons forgotten they haue  
That Becket them gaue  
Thomas manum mittit ad forcia  
Spernit damna spernit opprobria  
Nulla Thomam frangit iniuria  
But now euery spirituall father  
Men say they had rather  
Spende muche of their share  
Than to be combed with care

Spend

Spende, naye but spare  
For let see who that dare  
Shoe the mockish mare  
They make her winche and kicke  
But it is not worthe a leeke  
Boldnesse is to seeke  
The churche for to defende  
Take me as I intende  
For lothe I am to offende  
In thys that I haue pende  
I tell you as men say  
Amend when ye may  
For vsque ad montem fare  
When say ye cannot appare  
For some say ye hunt in parkes  
And Hauke on hobby Larkes  
And other wanton warkes  
Whan the night darkes.

What hath lay men doe  
The gray gose for to shoe;  
Like houndes of hell  
They cry and they yell

How

How that ye sell  
The grace of the holy gost  
Thus they make their host  
Through euery cost  
Now some of you do eat  
In Lenton season flesh meat  
Fesauntes Partriche and cranes  
Men call you therfore prophanes  
Ye picke no Chympes nor planes  
Saltfish, Stockfish nor Herring  
It is not for your wearing  
Nor in holy Lenton season  
Ye wil neither Venes ne Deason!  
But ye looke to be let loose  
To a pygge or to a Goole  
your gorge not endewed  
Without a Capon stewed  
Or a stewed Cocke  
Under her surfled smocke  
And her wanton wodicocke

And how whan ye geue orders  
In your prouinciall borders

As at ficientes

Some are in fufficientes

Some parum fapientes

Some nichil intelligentes

Some balde negligentes

Some nullum fenfum habentes

But beftially and vntaught

But whan thei haue once caught

Dominus vobifcum by the hed

Than renne they in euery ftede

God wot with dzonken nolles

Yet take the y cures of foules

And woteth neuer what they rede

Vater nofter noz Crede

Conftitue not worth a whiffle

Ne ther gofpel noz pyftle

They? Mattins madly fayd

Nothyng deuoutly praid

Their learning is fo fmall

Their pyymes and houre s fall

And lepe out of their lippes

Lyke fawdust oz dry chippes

I fpeake not now of al

But

But the moſte parte in generall  
Of ſuch bacabundus  
Speaketh totus Mundus  
How ſome ſyng letabundus  
At euery ale ſtake  
With welcome hake and make  
By the bread that God brake  
I am ſory for your ſake  
I ſpeake not of the good wiſe  
But of theyr Apoſtles lyfe  
Cum ipſis bell illis  
Out manent in villis  
Eſt broȝ bel ancilla  
Welcome Iacke and Gilla  
My prynces Petronylla  
And you wyl be ſylla  
You ſhal haue your wylla  
Of ſuch Water noſter pekes  
All the world ſpeakes.

**I**n you the fault is ſuppoſed  
For that they are not appoſed  
By iuſt examination

**In**

In conning and conuersacion  
They haue none instruction  
To make a true construction  
A priest without a letter  
Without his vertue be greater  
Doutlesse were much better  
Upon him for to take  
A Mattocke or a Rake  
Alas for very shame  
Some can not declayne theyr name  
Some can not scarfly rede  
And yet wyll not drede  
For to kepe a cure  
And in nothing is sure  
This dominus vobiscum  
As wyse as Tom a thum  
A chaplayne of trust  
Layth all in the dust

Thus I Colin Clout  
As I go about  
And wandryng as I walke  
I heare the people talke

Ben

Men say for syluer and Gold  
Miteres are bought and sold  
There shall no clergy appose  
A myter noꝝ a Crose  
But a full purse

A straw for goddes curse  
What are they the worse  
For a simoniake  
Is but a hermoniake  
And no moze ye make  
Of Symony men say  
But a childes play

¶ouer this the forsayd lay  
Report how the Pope may  
A holy anker call  
Out of the stony wall  
And hym a bysshop make  
If he on him dare take  
To kepe so hard a rule  
To ryde vpon a Mule  
With gold all betrapped  
In purple and paule be lapped

Some

Some hatted and some capped  
Rychely be wrapped  
God wot to they great paynes  
In Rotchettes of fine raynes  
Whyte as morowes mylke  
Their tabettes of fine silke  
Their stirops of mixt gold begared  
There may no cost be spared  
Their Wyves Golde doth eat  
They neyghbours dye for meat.

What care they though Bill Sweate  
O! Jacke of the Roke  
The poze people they pake  
With Sommons and Citacions  
And excommunicacions  
About churches and market  
The bylshop on his carpet  
At home full soft poth syt  
This is a fearful syt  
To heare the people iangle  
How wately they wrangle  
Alas why do ye not handle

B.I.

And

And them all mangle  
Full falsly on you they lye  
And shamefully you as crye  
And say as vtruelly  
As the butterflye  
A man might say in mocke  
Wate the wether Cocke  
Of thee fowle of houles  
And thus they hurt the fowles  
In sclaundering you for truth  
Alas it is great ruche  
Some say ye sit in trones  
Like prynces aquilonis  
And shynne your rotten bones  
With pearles and precious stones  
But how the commons grones  
And the people mones  
For prestes and for lones  
Lent and neuer payde  
But from day to day delayd  
The commune welth decayd  
Men say ye are tunge rayde  
And therof speake nothing

But

But dissimuling and glosing  
Wherfore men be supposing  
That ye gene shrewd counsel  
Against the commune wel  
By pollyng and pillage  
In citiees and billage  
By taryng and tollage  
Ye haue monkes to haue þ culerage  
For coueryng of an old cottage  
That committed is a collage  
In the charter of dottage  
Tenure parseruice de sottage  
And not parseruice de socage  
After olde segnyours  
And the learning of litle to tenours  
Ye haue so ouerthwarted  
That good lawes are subuerted  
And good reason peruerted

¶ Religious men are fayne  
For to turne agayne  
In secula seculorum  
And to forsake their cozum

B. li.

And

And bacabundare per forum  
And take a fyne meritozum  
Contra regulam mozum  
Mut blacke monacozum  
Mut canonicozum  
Mut Bernardinozum  
Mut crucifixozum  
And to syng from place to place  
Lyke apostataas

And the self same game  
Begon and now with thame  
Amongest the self Nunnes  
My lady now the runnes  
Dame Sybly our Abbesse  
Dame Dorothe and lady Belle  
Dame Sare our Dyresse  
Out of theyr cloyster and queere  
With an heauy cheere  
Must cast by their blacke bayles  
And set by their fucke sayles  
To catch wind with their ventades  
What Colin there thou shalles  
yet thus with yll bayles

The

The lay fee people rayles

And all they say  
In you prelates and say  
ye do wrong and no right  
To put them thus to flight  
No Matins at midnight  
Boke and chalis gone quite  
Blucke away the leades  
ouer theyr heades  
And sel away theyr bels  
And al they that haue els  
Thus the people tels  
Rayles lyke rebels  
Rede shrewdly and spels  
And with foundacions mels  
And talke lyke titiuells  
How ye breake the beades tolls  
Turn monasteris into water mills  
Of an Abbay they make a graunge  
your workes they say are straunge  
So that theyr founders soules  
Haue lost theyr beadroutes

B.iii.

The

The mony for theyr masses  
Spent among wanton lasses  
The Diriges are forgotten  
Their founders lye there rotten  
But where theyr soules dwel  
Therwith I wil not mel  
What could the Turke do moze  
Wyth al hys false loze  
Turke, Sarazyn or Jew  
I report me to you

O merciful Jesu  
you support and rescite  
My stile for to directe  
It may take some effect  
For I abhorre to wyte  
How the lay see dispite  
you prelates that of right  
Should be lanternes of light  
ye lue they say in delyte  
Drowned in delictis  
Ingloria et diuiciis  
Into admirabile honore

In

In gloria et splendore  
Fulgurantes haste  
Uiuentes parum caste  
yet swete meathath soure sauce  
foz after gloria laus  
Christ by cruelte  
Was nayled vpon a tree  
He payed a bitter pencion  
foz mans redempcyon  
He dranke eisel and gall  
To redeme vs withall  
But swete I pocras ye drynke  
With let the Cat winke  
Ich wot what eche other thynke  
How be it per astimule  
Some men thinke that ye  
Shal haue penaltie  
foz your intquity  
Nota what I say  
And beare it well away  
If it ple ase not theologes  
It is good for astrologis  
foz Ptolome told me

The

The sunne sometime to be  
In Ariete  
Ascendent a degree  
When Scorpion descending  
Was so then pretending  
All fatall for one  
That shall sit on a throne  
And rule all things alone  
your teeth whet on this bone  
Amongest you euery chone  
And let Collyn Clout haue none  
Maner of cause to mone  
Lay salue to your own soze  
For els, as I sayd before  
After gloria laus  
May come a soure sauce  
Sory therfore am I  
But trouth can neuer lye

With language thus poluted  
Holy church is bruted  
And shamefully confuted  
My pen now wyll I sharpe

And

And wozett by my harpe  
With sharp twynking trebels  
Against al such rebels  
That labour to confound  
And bring the church to the ground  
As ye may daily see  
Howe the Lape fee  
Of one affinitee  
Consente and agree  
Agaynst the Church to be  
And the dignitee  
Of the byshoppes fee  
And eyther ye be to bad  
Or els they are mad  
Of this to report  
But vnder your support  
Tyll my dying day  
I shall bothe wyte and saye  
And ye shal do the same  
How they are to blame  
you thus to diffame  
For it maketh me sad  
How that the people are glad

Etc

The church to depraue  
And some there are that canne  
Presuming on their wit  
Whan there is neuer a whit  
To maintain argumentes  
Against the sacramentes

Some make epilogacion  
Of high predestitacion  
And of residenacion  
They make interpretacion  
Of an aquard facion  
And of the prescience  
Of diuine essence  
And what Ipostatis  
Of Christes manhode is  
Suche logike men wyl chop  
And in their fury hop  
When the good ale sop  
Dothe daunce in their foze top  
Both women and men  
Such ye may wel know and ken  
Ehat agayn presthode

theyr

Their malice spred abroad  
Railing hainously  
And disdainously  
Of priestly dignities  
But their malignities

¶ And some haue a smacke  
Of Luthers sacke  
And a brenning sparke  
Of Luthers warke  
And are somewhat suspect  
In Luthers sect  
And some of them barke  
Clatter and Carpe  
Of that Heresy art  
Called wicleuista  
The Deuelish dogmatista  
And some be hussians  
And some be Arrians  
And some be pollegians  
And make much varians  
Betwene the clergy  
And the tempoalty

Howe

How the church hath to mickel  
And they haue to litel  
And byrnyng him in maiertalities  
And qualified qualities  
Of pluralities  
Of tryalities  
And of tot quottes  
They commune like lottes  
As cometh to their lottes  
Of prebendaries and deanes  
How some of them gleanes  
And gathereth by the store  
For to catch more and more  
Of persons and vicaries  
They make many out cryes  
They cannot kepe theyr wiues  
From them for theyr liues  
And thus the losels strives  
And lewdly sayes by Chyrst  
Agaynst the sely priest  
Alas and wel away  
What ayles them thus to say  
They mought be better aduysed  
Then

Then to be disgised  
But they haue enterprised  
And shamefully furnished  
How prelacy is sold and bought  
And come vp of nought  
And where the prelates be  
Come of lowe degree  
And set in state  
And spiritual dignity  
Farwel benignity  
Farwel simplicity  
Farwel humility  
Farwel good charity  
ye are so puffed with pryde  
That no man may abide  
your high and lordly lokes  
ye cast vp then your bores  
And vertue is forgotten  
For then ye wyll be woken  
Of euery light quarel  
And call a Lord a iauel  
A knight a knave to make

ye bolle, ye face, ye crake  
And bpon you take  
To rule king and knyght  
And if you may haue knyght  
ye bryng all to nought  
And that is all your thought  
For the Lordes temporall  
Their rule is verpe smal  
Almost nothing at all  
Men say how ye appal  
The noble blood royal  
In earnest and in game  
ye are the lesse to blame  
For Lordes of noble blood  
If they wel vnderstand  
How conning might them auance  
They wold ppe you another dance  
But noble men borne  
To learne they haue scoone  
But hunt and blow an horne  
Leape ouer lakes and dykes  
Set nothing by politikes  
Herfore ye kepe them bare

And

And mecke them to their face  
This is a pitious case  
To you that ouer the wheele  
Lords must couch and kneele  
And breake theyr hase at the knee  
As daily men may see  
And to remembraunce cal  
Fortune so turneth the ball  
And ruleth so ouer all  
That honour hath a great fall  
What I tel you more, ye shal  
I am lothe to tel al  
But the communalty ye call  
Idols of Babilon  
De terra fabulon  
De terra Septalym  
For you loue to go trim  
Brought vp of pore estate  
Wyth pryde inordinate  
Sodaynly vpstart  
From the dong cart  
The Mattocks and the Shyle  
To reygne and to rule

And

And haue no grace to thinke  
How they were wont to drinke  
Of a lether bottell  
With a knauish stoppel  
Whan mamoches was your meat  
With mould breade to eat  
ye wold none other geat  
To chew and to gnaw  
To fil therwith your maw  
Lodged in the straw  
Couching your brouly heades  
Somtime in lousy beddes  
Alas this is out of mind  
ye grow now out of kind  
Many one haue but wille  
And make the commons blind  
But quise exill that slave  
Let him well beware  
Least that his fore shyp  
And haue such a trip  
And falle in such decay  
That al the world might say  
Come down on the deuils way

pet

**Y**et ouer all that  
Of bishops they chat  
That though ye rounde your heare  
An ynche aboue your eare  
And aures patentes  
And parum intendentes  
And your courlers be trapped  
your eares they be stopped  
foz maister adulatoz  
And doctour assentatoz  
And blandioz blandiris  
With mentoz mentiris  
That ye can not espie  
They folow your desyres  
And so they blere your eye  
How the male doth woꝝ yte

**A**las foꝝ gods wil  
Whye sytte ye Prelates styl  
And suffer all this yll  
ye Bysshoppes of estates  
Shoulde open the brode gates  
foꝝ your spirituall charge

**C. i.**

**And**

And confort at large  
Like lanternes of light  
In the peoples sight  
In pulpetes attentive  
For the wele publike  
Of priesthod in this case  
And alwayes to chace  
Suche manner of filmatikes  
And halfe heretikes  
That wold intopicate  
That wold conquinat  
That wold contaminat  
And that wold violate  
And that wold derogate  
And that wold abrogate  
The church high estates  
After this manner rates  
The whyche shoulde be  
Bothe franke and free  
And haue their liberty  
And of antiquity  
It was ratified  
And also gratified

By holy synodals  
And buls papals  
As it is res certa  
Conteygned in magna Carta.

¶ But maister Dampyan  
O: some other man  
That clerkely is, and can  
Well scripture expound  
And textes grounde.  
His benefice worth ten pound  
O: skant worth twenty marks  
And yet a noble clerke  
He must do this werke  
As I know a part  
Some maysters of Art  
Some doctours of law  
Some learned in other law  
As in diuinitie  
That hath no dignitie  
But the poxe degree  
Of the vniuersitie  
O: elke freere Fredericke

C.ii.

O:

O: els frere Dominike  
O: frere Hugulinus  
O: frere Agustinus  
O: frere Carmelus  
That gostly can heale vs  
O: else if we maye  
Get a frere Grave  
O: else of the order  
Vppon Grenewiche border  
Called obseruaunce  
And a frere of Fraunce  
O: else the pooze Scot  
It muste come to hys lot  
To shote forth his shot  
O: of Babuell beside Bery  
To postell vpon a kyrr  
That woulde it shoulde be noted  
How scripture shoulde be coted  
And so clerckly promoted  
And yet the frere doted  
Men say

¶ But your authority

And

And your noble fee  
And your dignitie  
Should be imprinted better  
Then all the Freres letter  
For if ye wolde take payne  
To preache a worde or twayne  
Though it were neuer so playne  
With clauses two or thre  
So as they mighte be  
Compendiously conueyed  
These wordes should be more weid  
And better perceyued  
And thankfully receyued  
And better shoulde remayne  
Amonge the people playne  
That wolde your wordes retayne  
And reherse them agayne  
Than a thousand thousand other  
That blaber, barke and blother  
And make a walshmans hose  
Of the text and of the glose

¶ For protestation made

C.iii

That

That I wyl not wade  
farther in this brooke  
Nor farther for to looke  
In deuising of this joke  
But answer that I may  
For my self alwaye  
Either analogice  
Or els rathagorice  
So that in diuinitie  
Doctors that learned be  
Nor bachelers of that facultie  
That hath taken degre  
In the vniuersitie  
Shall not be obiected for me.

¶ But doctour bullatus  
Barum litteratus  
Dominus doctoꝝatus  
At the brode gatus  
Doctour daupatus  
And bachelor bacheleratus  
Drongen as a mouse  
At the ale house

**E**aketh

Taketh his pillion and his cap  
At the good ale tap  
For lacke of good wyne  
As wyse as Robin swine  
Under a notaries signe  
Was made a diuine  
As wyse as waltoms calfe  
Must preache a goddes halfe  
In the pulpyt solempnly  
More meet in a pilloze  
For by saynt Hillary  
He can nothyng smatter  
Of logike nor scole matter  
Neither syllogisate  
Nor of emptynesse  
Nor knoweth his eloquence  
Nor his predicamence

And yet he wil mel  
To amende the Gospel  
And wil preache and tel  
What they do in hel  
And he dare not wel neuen

Thus

What they do in heauen  
Noz how far temple bare is  
From the seuen sterres

**C**ome wyll I goe  
And tell of other moe  
Semper protestandoe  
De non impugnandoe  
The foure orders of fryers  
thoughe some of them be lyers  
As limiters at large  
Wyll charge and discharge  
As manys a fryer God wot  
Breaches for his grote  
Flatterynge for a newe cote  
And for to haue hys fees  
Some to gather cheese  
Lothe they are to leese  
Eythre Corne or Mault  
Sometime Meale and Sault  
Sometime a bacon flicke  
that is thre fingers thicke  
Of larde and of greace

theyr

Their content to encrease

I put you out of doubt  
This cannot be brought about  
But they their tongues file  
And make a pleasaunte stile  
To Margerye and to Maude  
Howe they haue no fraude  
And somtyme they prouoke  
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke  
Their duties to withdrow  
That they ought by the law  
Their curates to content  
In open time and in Lente  
God wot they take great payne  
To flatter and to fayne  
But it is and old sayd saw  
That neede hathe no lawe  
Some walke aboute in melottes  
In gray russet and hery cotes  
Some wil neither golde ne grotes  
Some pluck a partrich in remotes  
And by the barres if her taylor

Will

Will know a Raven from a ryle  
A quail the ryle, and the old rauen  
Sed libera nos a malo Amen.  
And by ydum their clementine  
Against Curates repine  
And say propheci thei are sacerdates  
To shryve, assyle and reles  
Dame margeries soule out of hel  
But when the frere fel in the wel  
He could not sing him self therout  
But by the helpe of Christian clout

Another clementine also  
How frere Fabion, with other mo  
Criuit de paradiso  
Whan they again thether shall com  
De hoc petimus consilium  
And through all the world they go  
With Dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye vnderstand  
For they muste take in hand  
To preach and to withstand

Al maner of abiectiōns  
For bisshops haue protection  
They say to do coꝛrections  
But they haue no affections  
To take the sayd byꝛections  
In such maner of cases  
Men say they beare no faces  
To occupy such places  
To sow the seede of graces  
Theyꝛ hartes are so faynted  
And they be so attaynted  
With coueitous and ambicion  
And other supersticion  
That they be deafe and dum  
And play scylens and glum  
Can say nothing but mum.

They occupy theim so  
With singing placebo  
They wyl no farther go  
They had leuer to please  
And take theire wordly ease  
Than to take on hand

## Worshyp to wythstande

**S**uch tempoꝛal war and bate  
As nowe is made of late  
Against holy church estate  
O: to mayntayne good quarelles  
The laye men call them banelles  
Full of glotonye  
And of hipocrisye  
The counterfaytes and painets  
As they were verye saintes  
In matters that them lyke  
They shew them politike.

**P**retending grauitie  
And sygnorytie  
With all solempnitie  
For their indemnitie  
For they will haue no lesse  
Of a peny, nor of a crosse  
Of theyꝝ pꝛedyall landes  
That cometh to their handes  
And as farre as they dare set

All is fysh that cometh to the net  
Building royally  
They mention curiously  
With turrets and with towers  
With halles and with bowres  
Stretching to the starres  
With glasse windows and barres  
Hangyng about the walles  
Clothes of golde and palles  
Arras of ryche araye  
Freshe as floures in Maye  
Wyth dame Dyana naked  
Howe lustye Venus quaked  
And howe Cupide shaked  
His darte and bente hys bowe  
For to shote a Crowe  
At her tyly tyllowe  
And howe Darys of Troye  
Daunced a lege de moy  
Made lustye spozte and ioye  
With dame Helyn the Queene  
With such stoyses bydeen  
Their chambzes well be seen

With

With triumphes of Cesar  
And of his Pompeius was  
Of renoune and of fame  
By them to get a name

How all the world states  
How they ryde in goodly chares  
Conueyed by Olyphantes  
With Lauriat garlandes  
And by bycornes  
With their semely hornes  
Upon these beastes riding  
Naked boyes striding  
With wanton wenches winking  
Now truly to my thinking  
That is a speculation  
And a mete meditation  
For prelates of estate  
Their courage to abate  
From worldly wantonnes  
Their chambze thus to dyes  
With such parfetnes  
And all such holynes

Howe

Howe be it they let down fall  
Their churches cathedral

Squire knight and Lord  
Thus the church remord  
With all temporal people  
They runne against the steeple  
Thus talkinge and tellinge  
Howe some of you are mellinge  
yet softe and sayre for swelling  
Beware of a queanes yelling  
It is a besy thing  
For one man to rule a king  
Alone and make rekening  
To gouerne ouer all  
And rule a realme royall  
By one mannes wit  
Fortune may chaunce to flit  
And whan he weneth to syt  
yet may he mysse the quill thou  
For Frede a preposicion  
Sum regibus amicare  
Et omnibus dominare

Et

Et supzate prauare  
Wherfoze he hathe good bye  
That can him self assure  
How fortune wyl endure  
Than let reason you support  
For the communalte  
That they haue great wonder  
That we kepe them so vnder  
yet they meruayle so muche lesse  
For ye play so at the chesse  
As they suppose and gesse  
That some of you but late  
Hath played so checkmate  
With Lordes of great estate  
After such a rate  
That they shall mell noz make  
Noz vpon them take  
For king noz kayser sake  
But at the pleasure of one  
That ruleth the rest alone.

¶ Helas, I saye Helas  
Howe maye thys come to passe

That

That a man shall beate a man  
And not so hardy on his head  
To loke on God in forme of bread  
But that the parlyshe clerke  
Thereupon must hecke  
And graunt him at his asking  
For to see the sacryng  
And how may this accord  
No man to our souerayne Lord  
So hardy to make sure  
Nor to execute  
His commaundement  
Without the assent  
Of our president  
Nor to expresse to his person  
Without your consentation  
Graunt him his licence  
To preace to his presence  
Nor to speake to him secretly  
Openly nor piously  
Withoute his president be by  
Or els his substitute

D. l.

Whome

At home he to be depute  
Ne yett the Earle ne Duke  
Permitted by saynt Luke  
And by sweet saynt Marke  
This is a wonderous worke  
That the people take this  
Somewhat there is anis  
the deuill cannot stop their mouthes  
but they wil talk of such vnouthes  
All that euer they can  
Against all spirituall men

Whether it be wronge or righte  
Or els for dispighte  
Or howe euer it happen  
They raunges thus do clay  
And through such detraction  
They put you to your action  
And whether they say truely  
As they may abide thereby  
Or els that they do lye  
Ye know better than I  
But now, debetis scire

And

And groundlye advice  
In your conuenies  
Of this p[re]mentise  
O: els in the myre  
They say they wil you cast  
Therfoze stand sure and fast.

Stand sure and take good fotinge  
And let be al your moting  
your gasing and your foting  
And your parciall promoting  
Of those that stande in your grace  
But olde seruauntes ye chafe  
And put them out of their place  
Make ye no murmuracion  
Though I wyte after this facton  
Though I Colyn Cloude  
Among the whole route  
Of you that clearkes be  
Take vpon me  
Thus copiously to wyte  
I do it not for no despise  
Wherfoze take no disdain

At my stile rude and playne  
For I rebuke no man  
That vertuous is, why than  
Wreke ye your anger on me  
For those that vertuous be  
Haue no cause to say  
That I speake out of the way

Of no good byshop speake I  
Nor good prest I clery  
Good freere, nor good Chanon  
Good Bunne, nor good Canon  
Good Monke, nor good Clarke  
Nor of no good warke  
But my rekenyng is  
Of them that be amis  
In speaking and rebelling  
In hindering and disauailing  
Poly church our mother  
One against another  
To ble such despising  
Is all my whole wytyng  
To hinder no man

As neare as I can  
For no man haue I named  
Wherefore should I be blamed  
ye ought to be ashamed  
Against me to be grieved  
And cannot tell no cause why  
But that I wyte truly

Then if any there be  
Of high or low degree  
Of the spiritualty  
Or of the temporality  
That doth thinke or toene  
That his conscience be not cleene  
And selet hys selfe sycke  
Or touched on the quicke  
Such grace God them send  
Them self to amend  
For I wyll not pretend  
Any man to offend

Wherefore as thinketh me  
Great ydeottes they be

D.itt. And

And lytle grace they haue  
This treatise to depaue  
No: wil heare no preaching  
No: no vertuous teaching  
No: wyll haue no resiting  
Of any vertuous wytyng  
Wil know none intelligence  
To refourme their negligence  
But liue till out of facion  
To their owne damnacyon  
To do shame, they haue no shame  
But they wold no man shuld them  
They haue an euyl name (blame  
But yet they wil occupy the same

¶ With them the word of God  
Is counted for no rod  
They count it for a railing  
That nothing is auayling  
The preachers with euil hailing  
Shal they daunt vs prelates  
That be their pyimates?  
Not so hardy on their pates

Perke

Harke howe the losel preates  
With a wilder wesaunte  
Quaunte for Guy of gaunt  
Quaunte lewde preest quaunt  
Quaunte for doctoure deupre  
Rate of thy mattens and the masse  
And let our matter passe  
How darest thou daucke mel?  
How darest thou losel  
Alligate the gospel  
Against vs of the counseil  
Quaunt to the deuill of hel

Take him warden of the flete  
Set him fast by the rete  
I say lyuetenant of the tonte  
Make this lurdensoy to loue  
Lodge him in hile ease  
Fede him wyth Beanes and Pease  
the kinges bench or Marshall y  
Haue him thether by and by  
the villaine preacheth openly  
And declareth our villany

And

And of our free simplenesse  
He sayes that we are reckless —  
And full of wylfulnesse  
Shameles, and mercuries  
Incorrigible and insaciates  
And after this rate  
Against vs doth prate

At Pauls crosse paelis where  
Openly at Westminster  
And saynt Mary spittel  
They set not by vs a whitel  
At the Austen fryers  
They count vs for lyers

And at saynt Thomas of Abers  
They carpe vs lyke crakers  
How we wyl rule al at wil  
Without good reason or skyll  
And say how that we be  
Full of parcialite  
And how at a pounge  
We turne right into wrong

Delap

Delay causes so longe  
That right no man can song  
They say many matters be bozne  
By the right of a rammes horne  
Is not this a shameful storie?  
To be teared thus and toerne.

How may we thus indure  
Wherfore we make you sure  
ye preachers shalbe payde  
Some shalbe sayde  
As noble Ezechias  
The holy prophet was  
And some of you shall dye  
Lyke holy Jeremy  
Some hanged some slayn  
Some beaten to the bryne  
And we wil rule and rayne  
And our matters maintaine  
Who dare say there agayne  
O? who dare dysdaine  
At your pleasure and will  
For be it good or be it ill

As it is, it shalbe still  
For al master doctour of churll  
Or of diuine, or doctour dyuill  
Let him cough, rough, or sneuil  
Renne God, renne deuil  
Renne who may renne best  
And let take all the rest  
We let not a nut shet  
the way to heauen or to hel.

¶ Lo, this is the gife now a dayes  
It is to drede men sayes  
Least thei be saducies  
As they be sayd sayne  
Which determine playne  
Wee should not rile agayne  
At dreadful domes day  
And so it semeth they play  
Which hate to be corrected  
Whan they be infected  
No; wyl suffice thys boke  
By hooke ne by crooke  
Printed for to be

For

For that no man should see  
Nor rede in any scrolles  
Of their drunken nollles  
Nor of their noddypolles  
Nor of theyr sely soules  
Nor of some witles pates  
Of diuers great estates  
As well as other men  
Now to withdraue my pen  
And now a while to rest  
We semeth it for the best.

The fore castel of my ship  
Shall glide and smothely slip  
Out of the waues wode  
Of the stormy floude  
Shote anker and lye at rode  
And sayle not farre a brode  
Til the cooste be clere  
That the lode starre appere  
My ship now wyl I pere  
towards the port salu  
Of our sauour Jesu

Such

Such grace that he vs send  
To rectify and amend  
Things that are amiss  
Whan that his pleasure is.

Amen.

In opere imperfecto  
In opere semper perfecto  
Et in opere plusquam perfecto

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